CANDOUR

The British Views-Letter founded by A.K. Chesterton M.C. in 1953

To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage

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REMAINIACS

& The Battle of the Pink Beret

By the Left Quick Mince!

By Jez Turner

e-mail him at jezza.english@yahoo.co.uk

"Brexit might not mean Brexit... The people should be invited to change their minds."

Tony Blair. Former 'British' Prime Minister, profiteer, and WAR CRIMINAL.

The above quote is very similar to something I once heard from a drunken Jewish student at London University in the early 1990's, who proceeded in a very loud voice to address, despite the desperate efforts of his friends to shut him up, the whole clientèle of a West End wine bar, ''Democracy is ok (hic) so long as the goys (hic) vote the way we tell them to vote.''
Truly, ***In vino veritas*** – **In wine there is truth**.

The problem is that we don't always vote the way *they* tell us to vote; not always. At least not on the day on Thursday 23rd June 2016, the day of the 'Leave or Remain Referendum', and since then views such as that drunken Jewish student and Tony Blair are being voiced far more openly by both puppet masters and puppets alike. The Government leaflet issued to every household in Britain promised that the Government would implement the will of the majority on this issue. In the end the result was 48% to remain and 52% to leave – and that was despite a huge establishment and media campaign encouraging and threatening us all to remain, or to face dire consequences. Ever since the result, our political masters and their paid puppets have been writhing between shock, disbelief and fury – which makes me smile. The possibility that the UK Government might actually fulfil its promise in this matter, (the government fulfilling its promises on any matter whatsoever is as rare as rocking horse manure), is a possibility that has given the powers and their puppets a severe repeat of the same symptoms. And that makes me grin!

On July 2nd 2016, depending whether you believe The Metropolitan Police or the mass media, anywhere between twenty to fifty thousand liberal-leftie, libtie-lefteral types – you know the sort, the sort who know nothing of reality ruthless and raw, red in tooth and claw – led by professional charity monger and 'self-advertising Jew' Bob Geldof, marched through central London under the organizational umbrella 'March for Europe', and demanded that the British Government, and the political establishment generally, IGNORE the referendum result. No one opposed them.

Let me just remind you and reiterate for you, in case you weren't already aware, what sort of people these 'remainiac-remoaner' 'March for Europe' types are. They are the sort who demand that a change to 'the status quo' can only be brought about when at least 70% of the population, (not those who actually bother to vote, but the actual population), are in favour of it.

Hmmmm…, I never recall a referendum being called for mass coloured immigration into our lands, neither do I recall one for the abolition of the death penalty, nor the legalisation of homosexuality and abortion, nor for the general degeneration of our society, blimey-oh-riley there wasn't even one for our entry INTO the European Union. If there had been a referendum on any of these issues, and whatever huge amounts of airtime and money *they* had spent on persuading us of the advantages of adopting such changes, there certainly would NOT have been a 70% majority in favour of any of THESE changes to 'the status

"The most courageous act is still to think for yourself. Aloud"

Coco Chanel. Fashion designer and Vichyist. (1883 -1971).

quo'. Which, of course, is exactly why we never had such referendums in the first place. Yes, you've guessed it, the 'March for Europe' supporters are actually marching for a Globalist Neo-Con One-World Slave State, and as a step on the way towards this goal they march for a United States of Europe (which will soon include Turkey, and no doubt eventually Israel and North Africa), and the replacement of the homogenous white population of Europe with a mish-mash multiracial, multicultural one – in effect they desire the replacement of the white race, the displacement of Europeans and the extermination of Europe.

They'd be more aptly labelled 'March for the Destruction of Europe'. Any fool can see this is the eventual aim, and so too can the puppet masters, and no doubt even some of the cleverer puppets are vaguely aware of it too.

Another such march was arranged by them for Saturday 3rd September – and we decided that THIS time there would be opposition, and if no one else had the guts to organise it, (the fair weather patriots of the mainstream/UKIP/Eurosceptic organisations tend only to be patriotic when it is safe, respectable and not politically- incorrect to do so), then we would damn well do it ourselves! Defending our people, leading our people - it is what Nationalism is all about, whatever it takes, whatever the cost.

So the message went out 'Come and jeer Geldof and the Globalists! Meet at the statue of Queen Boadicea, Westminster, 11am, Saturday 3rd September'. An apt choice for an RV for there she stands, spear in hand, on her sword-wheeled battle chariot charging towards the Houses of Parliament urging on her countrymen to attack and destroy that nest of traitors on whom the eyes of her basilisk like fury falls. Fifteen answered the call. It was enough. ***Multi nemici, multi honore*** – **the greater the odds, the greater the glory.**

We made our way into Whitehall and, while runners were despatched to gather information on the movements of the enemy, we sat in the sun outside a pub and chatted while writing up some placards – the wording of which ranged from the simply strident to the wryly humorous. There are lots of things liberals and lefties hate – but bitter truth sweetened with witty humour drives them simply apoplectic. Shortly after we'd finished the placards, the runners returned and we moved into action, taking up a defensive position behind a low balustrade wall. There was camaraderie and calm - the calm before the storm. A scout shouted out ''Get ready! Here they come!''

Then round the corner hundreds of blue and yellow EU flags appeared and the rumbling sullen cacophony of it was as if all the dark armies of Mordor were approaching. Clutching a Union Jack I leapt onto the wall to get a better look at the approaching swarm, quickly deciding that I was better to stay there standing on the wall, as there wasn't a better commanding place from which to wave my flag and to encourage the 15 Brexiteers to hurl defiance into the ranks of the enemy.

And then they were upon us. They were led by the infamous transvestite Eddie Izzard the lizard, complete in high heels and pink beret. And stunned by our presence the whole juggernaut ground to a grinding halt just short of us, and rather the way a dog does when he runs smack bang into a glass patio door and falls back on its haunches startled, they gawped and stared at us in silence, while our chants of 'We want Brexit' predominated. And then… then they recovered, and it was as if all the demons of hell had been unleashed, for a wail and a cry and a gnashing of teeth went up fit to split the heavens, and all their pent up fury and intolerant hidden hatred was unleashed upon us. A sea of blue surged up and around us and our wall threatening to engulf us, but we held fast while we were bashed with placards, prodded with EU flags and suffered a hail of insults and abuse. Several times I almost slipped from the wall, but my size 10 army regulation drill boots grimly clung on.

A reporter covering the event commented that it was like watching 'Custer's Last Stand' or 'the Defence of Hougoumont at Waterloo' (and it felt like it too), and that every succeeding second we survived he was surprised that we hadn't been swallowed up (and so were we!). However, the Union flag, although proving to be a lightning conductor for the enemy's hatred, also proved to be a rallying point for scattered patriots far and wide, many of them just passers-by, or tourists who came to our aid swelling our numbers. Many of these newcomers gasped in awe or laughed at the tantrums of the remainiacs thus driving them into an even greater rage. The panicked policemen struggled to maintain some sort of order in the melee that developed in front of the wall, with even journalists trading blows with each other. It was chaos, it was bedlam, it was pandemonium, but it was fun!

I kept up a constant refrain of shouting ('Braveheart William Wallace style') above the din '' We want freedom! Freedom from the EU! Freedom!", which somehow, like an incantation, drove the enemy into a frothing frenzy. As each of the marchers (liberals and leftists don't march they amble, they mince), came level they'd slow and each send us their own personal 5 minutes of gutter-level hate, all eagerly photographed by the world's press, and eagerly too lapped up by us and batted back to them with good natured wise-cracking banter. Strangely, several of the Remainiac females bizarrely blew kisses and made lewd suggestions, possibly this was in an attempt to distract me and dislodge me from the wall, either that, or it really is true that "Every woman adores a fascist." Who knows what goes on in the mixed-up minds of these people?

The flustered front of the march had now passed us and was a good way further down the street, when a brave bandanad band of 5 young men ran out into its path and Tiananmen Square style held up a banner proclaiming 'National Action – Brexit Now!' The leaders and stewards of the march growled, grabbed the banner and pulled, the patriots pulled back, a scuffle developed, and in the confusion Dave 'Hammer' a patriot from West London of Polish extraction with a score to settle with the EU for its destruction of the Polish economy, found himself with Eddie Izzard's famous pink beret in his hand – sacrilege said the look of the appalled leftists!

The banner was retrieved, Dave ran, the police chased him, he wondered why they were chasing him, he realised it was because he gripped the beret still, the crowd cheered, some cheered for 'the beret snatcher', others for the keystone kops in hot pursuit and some for Izzard in his 6 inch high heels who followed closely behind them. Dave ran still, he gripped the beret still, and then, a trip, a rugby tackle? And he was down flat on the pavement and before he could move 6 coppers were lying on top of him making sure he stayed down, and 6 more guarding against a rescue attempt. The outrageous outraged Izzard was handed back his beret by a smirking police sergeant, who told him that he could have it back temporarily in order to give his speech to the end of march rally, but that he would have to later surrender it again, as it formed a vital piece of evidence.

Dave was bundled away in a black Mariah van and bailed to appear at Westminster Magistrates Court on Monday 19th September at 09.30 on a charge of 'theft of one pink beret'. One is surely reminded here of Bertie Wooster, in PG Wodehouse's novel, being summoned to court and being fined £5 for stealing a policeman's helmet on the night of the Oxford – Cambridge Boat Race, and so we thank Dave for keeping the traditions of PG Wodehouse and 'Jeeves and Wooster' alive and well.

Finally after what seemed like hours, the tail end of the infuriated enemy passed us, the policemen breathed a sigh of relief and wearily mopped their brows, and we dusted ourselves

down and stood around happily dazed like Cheshire Tom cats after a particularly satisfying scrap, shaking each other's hands and clapping each other on the back. I gave a speech of thanks to all who supported our stand, a quick interview to *Russia Today* (Known as RT. Satellite news channel) and then we repaired to a local hostelry to lubricate our now very hoarse vocal chords.

What this day showed was that numbers are not important. What is important is willpower. A few brave patriots with strong willpower, willing to grasp opportunities whenever and wherever offered, can be far more effective and far more than a match for thousands of politically correct morons and all their millions of funding from the banksters.

As a result of all this the nation's extensive media coverage focused more on our counter demonstration and the hysterical reaction to it, than on the march itself (a Union flag waving Jez Turner featuring on the *Russia Today* 6 o'clock News); but it was the snatching of the pink beret that really caught the nation's imagination, ridiculing as it did the whole cause of 'ignoring the Brexit result', and thus provoking the dismay of traitors, bankers and globalists alike, and euphoric sympathy and hilarity from decent people worldwide. In light of this, and to encourage more of the same, The London Forum has decided to annually institute 'The Award of The Pink Beret' to the activist who carries out the most daring, derring-do and publicity grabbing activity of the year. The winner will receive a trophy with his name inscribed, a pink beret, cash prize of £100 and the goodwill of good people everywhere. And the winner this year was of course Dave 'Hammer'.

Postscript:
The Hidden Hand is only powerful so long as its hand remains hidden. The vague realisation is slowly dawning on the British people that their Government might not actually implement Brexit, and that their government might not indeed actually be their government at all. If we leave the EU, the Globalist Power Structure will be dealt a severe blow causing a domino ripple effect. If on the other hand we remain, and this too against the will of the majority of Britons, then The Hand will be hidden no more. And that will make me happy, very happy indeed

Coverage of the day:
March for Europe – London Forum video on youtube
EPOCH TIMES Front page coverage from this well - funded Chinese anti-communist fortnightly newspaper.
Google and ye shall find if you look and search carefully!

Above: The spindly fingers and the face filled with hatred exemplify the enemy of all Britons. This creature undoubtedly believes that manual labour is the President of Mexico!

Above: Jez of the *London Forum*, with some fifteen other patriots fly our Union flag in defiance of the traitors and patronising pseudo-intellectuals and 'students' who make up the degenerate march **below**. Note that, and Jez writes this in his preceding article that as the day wore on the Marxist Liberals became ever more aggressive and vengeful. After decades of sneering at the British people they could not believe that they had received almighty English and Welsh boots up their collective spoilt skinny arses.

I stress English and Welsh here because, for various reasons, the rest of the UK have made themselves dependent on the European Union in order to maintain an artificially higher standard of health care, etc, which the majority pay for via Brussels and yet which is denied to them!

I am not here having a go at our friends in the rest of the British Isles only the selfish creatures who loathe their own race and nation or put gold above blood.
See bottom of column two page 11 for more. *C.T.*

PINK BERET SNATCHER UPDATE!

On the 19th of September Dave 'Hammer' was fined a total of £300 at the notoriously anti-British Westminster Magistrates Court for his snatching of the pink beret. At the well attended London Forum meeting held on the 24th, a few days later, a collection raised that sum in moments. (Colin Todd contributed on behalf of *Candour*). The fine is paid. We look after our own. Remember that.

Unusually sympathetic press and media coverage was achieved over this court appearance. Even the usually hostile BBC 1 (see the BBC 1 television London Regional News Programme at 6.30pm on Monday 19th Sept.) treated the whole incident as 'high jinks' and questioned why this case even went to court in the first place, and in the newspapers much mileage was made of the fact that Dave 'Hammer' didn't even know who Eddie Izzard is. (Who is he?).

This action was in the finest tradition of the *League of Empire Loyalists.* (See back page for ordering details of our *The History of the LEL and Candour*).

Britain and Europe

By Hereward More

(The author may be contacted via the Editor at *akctrust@yahoo.co.uk*)

This royal throne of kings, this scep'red isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out - I die pronouncing it -
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

John of Gaunt
KING RICHARD THE SECOND
Act 2
William Shakespeare

I have in front of me a map; it shows Britain, and it shows Europe, and the sea lying between us and the Continent. The long and the short of the matter of Britain and Europe can be seen right there on the map and in these words: us and them and the sea. We share a great deal with the peoples of the Continent, but we are set apart from them by our silver sea and the cultural and political separation it has engendered. Of course we would never claim that Continentals are all the same, that would be ridiculous, but the historical facts are that national and territorial integrity have always been highly contested matters over there with border disputes leading to war on a regular basis due to the lack of national boundaries and the intermingling of peoples. A nation-state can be stable only if the nation, or an enduring union of nations, have secure possession of the land and a political self-expression firmly rooted in its own national traditions. I should say, incidentally, that every attack upon the national character of a people's self-expression induces that people to resist being subsumed into any sort of amalgam; hence within the great empires the various civilised peoples always governed themselves in accordance with their own traditions. Mistaken attempts to manage uncivilised peoples were a constant source of difficulties wherever coexistence with natives was an element of colonial policy. The nations of Europe might be stable but the states are not - historically they had three or four Continental empires, not counting the Napoleonic adventure, four or five countries with imperial ambitions overseas and the odds and sods in between; and nations swapping from empire to empire, changing status, declaring independence, and being generally caught up in the turmoil and horse trading of affairs of state and high politics.

What have we to do with any of this? Before the Tudors introduced trade wars our only involvement with Continental wars was the result of our kings' family connections over there, from their time onwards trade disputes led to war and there was an even more destructive policy of seeking to join in all the greater conflicts to preserve a balance of power between the leading Continental states. None of this ever did us any good whatever. Matters over there have never been any of our business and we have always been better off out of it.

Have we, then, nothing in common with Continent? Of course we do. We are Europeans entirely and absolutely. European without being Continental. Many of you reading this in the colonies where the word 'European' designates all of us whose racial origins lie in Europe, see the white race in the broad sense without reference to the separate nations. This racial unity, which also includes the white peoples scattered throughout the Ottoman lands and small pockets of North Africa, is a real fraternal link between us and them; it allows us to live alongside each other and to intermarry without difficulties. We share also the basis of our culture in the classical heritage of Greece and Rome. This is what marks out the civilised nations - there are other civilisations in the Far East but they are utterly alien to us - civilisation means Greek philosophy, Roman order and the Christian life grounded upon them. Whilst that Christian life includes the theology and devotions of the believer's life of faith, those are private matters.

What is essential to our civilisation is the Catholic understanding of society, of the individual endowed with freewill, of the family as the first social unit, of the spirit transcending the material, of natural law, of humanity arranged in a plurality of nations, of the sanctity of life, of the nature of money, etc. Needless to say, a Christianity that is not classical or Grecco-Roman in spirit is alien to the authentic roots of the cultures of all the European or white nations. It is Judaic and uncivilised. Political Catholicism, on the other hand is so much a pure expression of the national ethos of all those sharing the classical inheritance that is at the heart of the Ba'ath philosophy under which the lawful authorities operate in Syria despite the country's being largely Moslem and having Semitic and coloured people's living alongside the dominant white races.

What all this means is that the European heritage supplies many of the elements of our cultural identity; but for us, as for all similar peoples, it is only half an identity, we have also our local history as a specific nation (the English, the Scots, Rhodies or Newfoundlanders), and our shared history in the English speaking world as imperial Britons. The error of thinking that because we share much, we are all the same and can easily be lumped in together or given the same treatment is to ignore hundreds of years of separate development. It is not a mistake limited to the Europhiles, radical patriotism in Britain has always been held back by people intent on aping foreign movements, adopting policies, structure and imagery alien to our culture and history; they were always doomed to fail and *Candour's* founding editor, A.K. Chesterton, knew it when he left the Blackshirts and went back to wearing tweed. *Candour* and Empire Loyalism stand now as we have done since our first issue in 1953, (with just three editors), quite simply for the right of the British people to live authentically British lives grounded in the historic culture, heritage and way of life of Britain, both here in the Motherland and across the Empire. We reject also the enemy within - those who have introduced, and now uphold, laws and institutions alien to that way of life. Consequently we reject the authority any international body might claim to exercise over us.

The fight is not over, and never will be until we achieve our destiny as Britons

Our enemies failed because they only communicate with like-minded people. They have no interaction with normal folk and their views. They hate and despise our views and the way we speak honestly to each other in the street or pub. That is why they spy on us. Cameras everywhere watching our every move . Because they are not of us they despise us. THEY now live in fear of us. Remember that.

There is a fear of a righteous reaction. **IT IS COMING!**

We are the Secret People....

Editorial

CANDOUR

The Brexit vote result already seems a long while ago. The reverberations though are still being felt around the globe. President Donald Trump. Who would have thought we would be saying that even the day before the US election results came in.

A DOUBLE WHAMMY for our enemies!To again hear the collective crashing of the smug metro cosmopolitan liberal marxist journalistic jaws hitting the floor was beautiful to hear and behold! The wailing. The hilarious passing of the onions to aid the weeping for the cameras and the 'selfies'.

For decades we have had bromide put in our tea, flouride in our water, steroids in our meat and the Lord knows what else poison pumped into our bodies and brains via schools, television, mobile telephones and any other form of communication or media contamination you could name.

That there is still any form of resistance left is in itself remarkable and a tribute to OUR White People Worldwide!

Once again the liberal controlled media has failed to prevent something they campaigned against with the utmost venom. The vitriol against, Mr Trump, now President Trump, backfired spectacularly. Another step in our fight for survival.

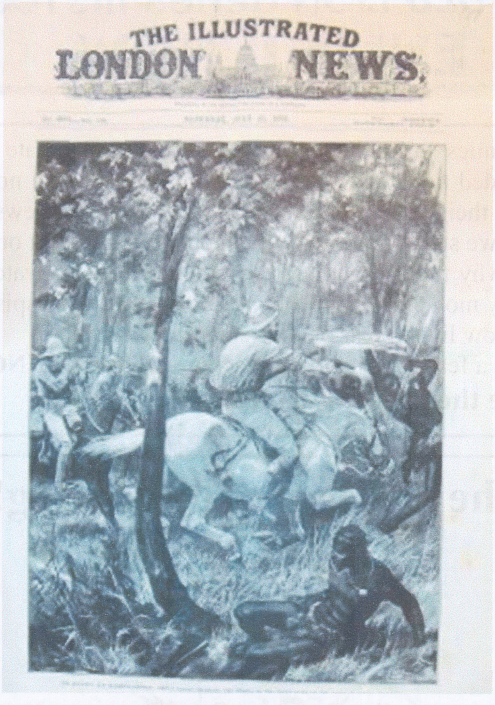
The Cat is Out of the Bag!

GREY'S SCOUTS RIDE AGAIN

Written by Trooper 108516

We at *Candour* are proud to welcome Trooper 108516. He was passed a copy of our last issue. The double August/September 864 - 865 and has responded to the article *American National Socialists In Rhodesia's Struggle for Racial Freedom* by Martin Kerr.
(If you can add to this subject, and I know we have more white Africans out there with a great depth of knowledge, please contact me, your Editor Colin Todd, at *akctrust@yahoo.co.uk*).

In June, 1896, three months after the Matabele Rebellion erupted in Rhodesia, the Mashona tribes in the North-East of the young country responded to the call of fanatical "kandungas" (wizards) and slaughtered one hundred and three European settlers. One of the volunteer units seconded from the Bulawayo Field Force to go to the aid of the beleaguered settlers in Mashonaland was a troop of mounted infantry raised by Captain George Grey, and known as Grey's Scouts.



Above: A magazine report of the original Grey's Scouts in Mashonaland in 1896 where its successors would have their first contact some 80 years later.

Almost exactly eighty years later, Grey's Scouts were once again in action in North-East Mashonaland, hunting kandungas (at that time, the Shona name for terrorists) and shooting from the saddle, yet the men were now dressed in jungle green and FN automatic rifles had replaced the Martini-Henry carbines. The first contact between the modern Grey's Scouts and terrorists occurred in June, 1976, and was probably the first light cavalry action seen anywhere in the world in the quarter of a century since Red Army and Waffen SS cavalry clashed in Russia.

Yet men of the modern Grey's Scouts baulked at the label "cavalry", insisting on the more correct designation of "mounted infantry", largely because critics ridiculed the idea of reforming mounted infantry as a romantic anachronism that would only detract from the Rhodesian war-effort.

In reply, the driving force behind the proposal, Captain 'Beaver' Fraser-Kirk, and the man who succeeded him as Commanding Officer of the unit, Captain Tony Stephens, stressed the relevance of mounted infantry to counter-insurgency operations in rugged terrain. The Vietnam war had demonstrated that increasingly sophisticated equipment and larger warheads deployed against guerrilla forces only succeeded in raising the arms' bill to a point where the cost of war became prohibitively expensive.

And, in Rhodesia, such logistical realities were all the more vital, since every vehicle, and every litre of petrol we had to import meant that ground had been lost in the economic war.

One of the greatest problems that beset the Rhodesian Security Forces was the alarming attrition rate among soft-skinned vehicles. Not only had large numbers been destroyed by land-mines, but many more were simply incapable of surviving the gruelling conditions. Tough, cross-country mine-proof vehicles, such as the 'Hyena' and 'Rhino', existed, but were not large enough to be used as personnel or supply carriers. So, was there any means of lessening the dependence of the soldier at the 'sharp-end' on mechanised transport?

Another pressing problem lay in the difficulty of applying adequate ground coverage when man-power resources were limited and already over-stretched. Of course, a few troops could patrol and establish a presence over an extensive area if they were mobile - but, vehicles have tactical disadvantages in the bush. They invariably become bogged down in the rains, while, in the dry season they advertise their approach with long columns of dust; at night, their lights can be seen at great distances - and nothing can be done about the noise. So, was there a noiseless and swift means of imparting mobility to the soldier?

The rather unconventional idea of raising mounted infantry in the age of push-button warfare provoked a response in the Rhodesian Security Forces ranging from the barely repressed pique of the BSAP Ceremonial Mounted Unit, to the derisory taunt of 'donkey-wallopers' from the Rhodesian Light Infantry and Special Air Service. When the Rhodesian Army gave the go-ahead for an experimental troop of mounted infantry, much faith, hard work and sheer bloody-mindedness was needed to prevail against such scepticism.

But the pioneer Mounted Infantry Unit - the MIU - also attracted enthusiastic support; volunteers poured into the MIU depot at Inkomo (part of Lord Graham's estate), a generous donation of tack came from supporters in South Africa, and four-legged recruits for the MIU came to Inkomo from all over Rhodesia and South Africa as gifts from their owners.

By September, 1975, the MIU had succeeded in raising its first troop for trials in the Eastern Highlands; the men ranging from crack polo-players to former Foreign Legionnaires who had never ridden, while the mounts varied from sleek thoroughbreds to unprepossessing (but tough) farm-ponies - or 'bossiekops'. Further bush-trips' of trial troops in the East and South-East of Rhodesia (soon to be declared Operation Thrasher) ironed out most of the teething troubles, and convincingly demonstrated the value of mounted infantry in counter-insurgency operations.

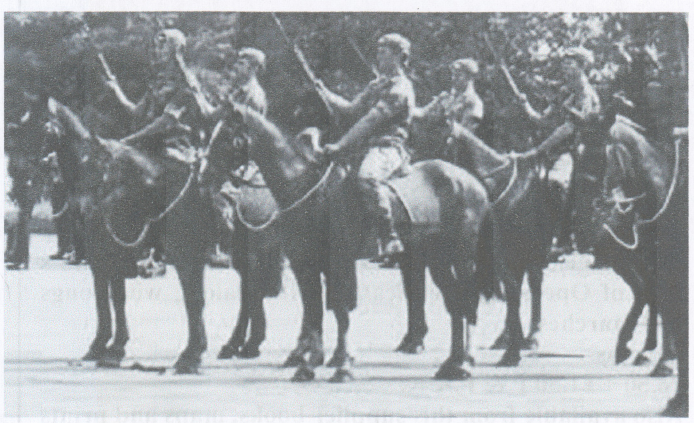
The experience gained by these trial troops (each consisting of a cadre of regulars with territorial volunteers) revealed hitherto unexpected advantages to patrolling on horseback. It was found that, when mounted, a man could track not only faster, but more accurately, than on foot. Line of spoor could be followed more easily, and unexpectedly large areas could be covered. Also, the horse - particularly a cross between the Basuto pony and the Bossiekop - proved capable of traversing the most rugged terrain.

Surprisingly, it was found that the mounted infantryman was not, after all, more conspicuous because of his greater height. The natural, animal movement of the horse enabled the rider to approach a suspect in the bush within hearing range without detection, while the added height greatly in-creased the soldier's vision in 'shateen' (thick bush) and tall grass.

It was noticed that the horse's own sensitivity to sound and scent could provide an 'early-warning system' to the rider, while its speed meant that the soldier could pursue at the gallop for a short distance, or sweep and follow-up for much longer periods at an alternating canter and walk. Trotting was soon rejected by most troopers largely because of the discomfort caused by radios, ammunition-pouches and water-bottles in disarray, and because of the ease with which valuable equipment could find its way out of the saddlebags.

The intimidating psychological effect on terrorist and tribesman alike of the man on the horse quickly gained the MIU a hard reputation and led to a widespread respect for the 'Mahout'. The sight of a horseman, with rifle leveled, crashing through the mealies towards a terrorist was more than enough to terrify the most hard-core commissar (leaders of terrorist gangs styled themselves 'political commissars').

The task of training the first volunteers for the MIU - which only became known as Grey's Scouts in early 1976 - fell on the experienced shoulders of the equitation instructor, Sergeant Roy Elderkin, formerly of King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery.



Above: Grey's Scouts on parade at the Inkomo depot in newly issued berets and stable belts.

This task was bedevilled by the need to break in many of the wilder remounts at the same time as persuading the volunteers to forget the niceties of high-school technique, and learn the business of rough-riding. Sergeant Elderkin's colourful (if tactless) persuasiveness would linger long in the mind - and on the hardened backside of those who were thrown ("Did I """" well give you permission to dismount?"). Elderkin's aching volunteers had to learn tricks that would have raised eye-brows in the Spanish Riding School, such as 'dismounting' (to put it euphemistically) at the gallop with 'gat' (FN) in hand and in full webbing - an exercise which probably cost the unit more bruises and broken bones than enemy action ever did.

Before the volunteers were sent out into the bush, there were the long hours of mounted drill on dusty parade grounds, the interminable cleaning and polishing of tack, grooming and horse-management. Then, the preliminary patrol formations and skirmishing practice among the hills and valleys of Chipinga. Finally, the freedom of the full operational three to five day patrol in the lush Eastern Highlands or the arid Lowveld.

By early 1976, Grey's Scouts were operating regular and territorial troops in rotation in the North-East of Rhodesia (Operation Hurricane) and were making their presence felt wherever they were deployed. The mounts generally proved capable of enduring the rigours of protracted patrols through broken country, though, once again, the smaller farm-pony often displayed greater endurance. By this time, each troop had its own veterinary officers, farriers and saddlers, and a common grouse was that the army seemed to lavish more attention on its horses than its men. On one occasion, a troop boasted several vets, but lacked a medic, and a man reporting sick was liable to be told he had a mild case of colic.

In the first week of June, 1976, Grey's Scouts experienced their baptism of fire when a stick (patrol) was ambushed in the Kandeya Tribal Trust Land, between Mount Darwin and the Mavuradonha Range. The Grey's had already fired their guns in anger, shooting from the saddle while galloping after the occasional terrorist caught in the open - but, this time, they were the moving target.

The stick, consisting of six men (and one Retriever pup by the name of Gus) were riding through a vlei of thick bush when they were fired on at a range of between twenty and thirty yards. The stillness of the early morning was shattered by the high-pitched chatter of an RPD (Russian medium machine-gun) against a chorus of Kalashnikov AK47's (Russian automatic rifle). Immediately the stick split into two groups to enfilade the unseen enemy, the troopers leaping from the saddles of their bolting horses. A mare, Shaleena, was shot, and one bemused trooper watched as his reins were severed by a round. Yet, even at such a short range, the floppies (terrorists) fired habitually high and wild, and the troopers were unscathed as they dived into the high elephant grass.

Fire was returned immediately while commands and directions were shouted above the deafening chaos of sound. Each kneeling trooper concentrated on controlling the direction and rate of his fire with a 'double-tap' (two-round burst), sweeping his own arc of fire and shooting low. The stick 'Two-I-C' (second-in-command) tried to 'establish comms' with his radio, hoarsely bawling: "Contact! Contact! Contact!" into the mouthpiece, and giving the 'loc' (position) in clear. Spent cases spat out from each breech, magazines were hastily ripped off and replaced, nostrils stung from the stench of cordite and watchful eyes darted from side to side.

At last the command was given to cease fire, and heads were cautiously raised. No fire was returned, so one half of the stick began to assault, moving at the crouch through the damp grass, while the rest waited to give covering fire. Abruptly, a short burst came from ahead and the troopers dropped to the ground, while the Sergeant and the other two fired back from the flank. A shrill scream chopped short by another burst, then a silence that

seemed unnatural after the strident cacophony of the firefight. The troopers rose and moved forward slowly, swinging from side to side, finally reaching the position the floppies had hastily vacated.

The rest of the stick made a careful 360 degree sweep before the 're-org' with the assault group; radio contact was established with nearby sticks and a search was begun for the horses in the hope of a follow-up. The probing troopers found a number of sleeping 'pozzies' littered with half-digested food, cartridge cases, spent rifle-magazines, abandoned boots (made in Zagreb, Yugoslavia), packs (drugs from the UK and W Germany) - and thick pools of congealing blood.

It later transpired that twenty floppies were resting in the improvised camp, and had fled, leaving a rearguard to delay the Grey's. Contact was lost with the gang, largely because the JOC (Joint Operations Centre) had already dispatched the 'fireforce' (a chopper-borne strike-force) to an-other contact in the vicinity. However, one terror ist body was recovered later, but whether more were killed was impossible to determine since the terrorists normally removed their dead and wounded if possible.

The troopers also discovered that Gus had managed to find his way back to the Troop's base camp, some miles away, tail between legs at the head of several sweating horses, trailing be-draggled saddlebags. Gus, was promptly dishonourably deprived of a bone - but, Grey's Scouts had had their first kill.

Later, in August, Grey's were in action again, this time in Operation Repulse, along the barren, parched flat border with Mozambique in the South-East, and, in a continuous follow-up, lasting a number of days, killed some two dozen terrorists, echoing the words of the unit's song: "The Grey's Scouts Ride Again, Out of History they Came"

If peace ever returns to the beautiful land of Rhodesia, and, if an account is ever written of the men who made it possible, a chapter will have to be devoted to the men "who came out of history".

Above: A Grey's trooper with 'gat' (FN) cocked and ready!.
Top right: Scouts fording a river.

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Senlac Hill

By Eddy Morrison

From Senlac Hill the fyrd looked down
upon those who would seize England's Crown
the Norman's ranks full serried wide
A Bastard's horde; a Bastard's pride

Upon The Hill, the shield-wall stands
As Saxon men defend their lands
'The Fighting Man' above them flies
below the Housecarls steadfast eyes

All day the shield-wall holds its own
defending English Harold's throne
All day both horse and sword surge in
Yet shield-wall stands and stands to win

But then the Bastard's ruse it out
and Saxons fall and Saxons rout
The arrow storm - that darkens sky
and pierces Crown and pierces eye

Then Senlac Hill confirms its name
as Saxon blood pours forth in vain
A shield-wall broke; a King brought down
A Bastard crowned in London Town

Today our children play and we
from Abbey grounds look down and see
The Hill, those fields where Swan-Neck cried
Where Harold fell - and England died

The Majority Ruse

By Mike Walsh

There is still considerable confusion over the decolonisation of Africa. The term 'Majority Rule' was always an absurdity; this high-minded ideal does not exist anywhere, least of all in post-colonial Africa. British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's (1894 ~ 1986) Winds of Change speech simply meant the transfer of Europe's African colonies to global finance management. It's the same if you don't keep up the payments on your mortgage.

Decolonisation of Africa was the Russian Revolution Mk II. The transfer of power was based on the same regime-changing strategy as that applied to Imperial Russia in 1917 ~ 1922. The 1960s hijacking of the world's second largest continent resulted in similar carnage, anarchy and its ultimate prostration.

Responsibility for the deaths of millions of Africans can be laid on the doorstep of Wall Street's banking dynasties. The foot soldiers of the global banking houses included Europe's politicians and tin pot dictators drawn from the corridors of unelected power in the United Nations. The fraud was carried out by Western political elites who, compromised by fiscal and sexual indiscretions, were blackmailed to do the bidding of the American-based banking dynasties.

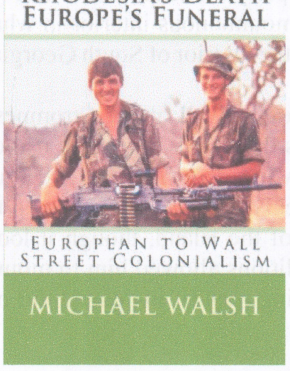
During the 1960s the Washington DC controlled NATO West imposed sanctions and blockaded Rhodesia and South Africa whilst the Soviet Union and Communist China funded, trained and armed terrorists. Africa's Godfathers of Damnation were hyped by Western media as noble partisans fighting for democracy and freedom.

The marketing departments of the banks' pin-striped Bolsheviks were to be found in Western media, the Church pulpits, the liberal-left caucus and the notorious Anti-Apartheid Movement. All sang to the same Red hymn sheet as they unleashed hell on Africa. Church leaders referred to Soviet-armed African-killing terrorists as Christian soldiers.

Western and Soviet-backed Rhodesian tyrant Robert Mugabe, South African Communist Party card-carrying despot Nelson Mandela, and the deposed fugitive from justice Joshua Nkomo, controlled proxy armies similar to today's so-called Syrian 'rebels'. None of them had the power to disrupt a garden party without the backing of the banking dynasties and Europe's corrupt politicians and on-message sycophantic media.

African despots today sit and smirk in grand mansions built by European colonialists. These dark-skinned bankers' tenants now manage the banks' real estate. Their enslaved populations today fare much worse than they did when managed by European colonists. The millions of Africans who died and still perish are victims not of White supremacy but of the bankers' bloodletting. In Black South Africa hundreds of thousands of impoverished ethnic Europeans and African natives eke out a miserable existence and face a hopeless future. Impoverished ethnic Europeans barely survive in nearly 600 shanty towns. The handover is completed; there isn't a BBC, CNN, FOX or ITV camera team anywhere to be seen.

The same 'winds of change' now sweep across Europe. The same dark forces today inflict on ethnic-Europe a bloodbath of epic proportions. This, if successful, will transfer total control of Europe to the same global banking houses; Africa yesterday, Europe today and Russia tomorrow.



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Fragments of Empire

Part 9

South Georgia

By Rob Black

candourwebmaster@yahoo.co.uk

South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands are a British Overseas Territory in the remote regions of the southern Atlantic Ocean. They consist of the large island of South Georgia, which has an area of 1,450 square miles, and a chain of eleven small volcanic islands making up the South Sandwich Islands 430 miles to the southeast. For the purposes of this series, we have already dealt with the South Sandwich Islands in a separate article.

South Georgia was first discovered in 1675 by an English merchant of Huguenot extraction, Anthony de la Roché, when his storm battered ship found shelter in one of the islands southern bays. Captain James Cook circumnavigated the island in 1775 and made the first official landing. He claimed the territory for Great Britain, and named it "the Isle of Georgia" in honour of King George III.

The island provided bases for sealers and whalers from latter half of the 19th century until 1965 when the industry collapsed through over exploitation. At its height, the whaling industry had seven bases on the island. The island capital, Grytviken, was founded by Norwegian whalers in 1904 and this was the first permanent habitation. Today apart from a few preserved buildings, such as the museum and church at Grytviken, only decaying remains of the whaling industry remain.

From 1905 to 1949, the Argentine Meteorological Office cooperated in maintaining a meteorological observatory at Grytviken and in 1909, an administrative centre and residence were established at King Edward Point on near the whaling station of Grytviken. A permanent local British administration and resident Magistrate exercised effective possession, enforcement of British law, and regulation of all economic, scientific and other activities in the territory.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, one of our most famous explorers, entered the island's story in 1916. His Antarctic expedition had become stranded on Elephant Island off the tip of the Antarctic Peninsula 800 miles to the Southwest of South Georgia. Shackleton left most of his men to seek rescue, and with five other men he sailed a small open boat on the long and perilous sixteen day journey to South Georgia. Landing on the southern coast with the boat in poor repair and two members of his party ill, he crossed with two companions - without a map - the mountainous interior in what is the first recorded land crossing of the interior of South Georgia.

After an epic 36 hour journey, they arrived at the Stromness whaling station. In their own words they were "a terrible trio of scarecrows", dark with exposure, wind, frostbite and accumulated blubber soot. Shackleton quickly organized a rescue party for his men left on the other side of the island, though it look another three months until sea conditions allowed him to mount a rescue expedition for the remaining men of his command on Elephant Island.

Shackleton died in 1922 off South Georgia during another Antarctic expedition and he is buried at Grytviken. In a strange but pleasing twist of fate, Shackleton's right hand man and second in command of the 1916 expedition, Frank Wild, was buried alongside him in 2011 - fittingly to his right. Wild had died in South Africa in 1939 and his ashes had been found by an author researching a book. The reburial was attended by relatives of both men.

During World War Two, South Georgia was protected by a naval patrol and two four inch guns were installed.

Britain had began establishing research stations on the island in 1945, and the base at King Edward Point was expanded as a research facility in 1949/1950 by the British Antarctic Survey (BAS), which until 1962 was called the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey.

On 19th March 1982, Argentina, which had had a claim on the island since 1927, illegally landed some civilian scrap workers (many of whom turned out to be Argentine marines) to dismantle the buildings at the disused Leith Harbour whaling station. Seeking to provoke a confrontation with the British and to create a base, they raised the Argentine flag. The BAS had a research team at Leith and they were directed by London to request its removal. The flag was lowered by the Argentinians but they did not report to the BAS headquarters at Grytviken as ordered.

The Royal Navy ice patrol ship, HMS Endurance, was dispatched to South Georgia on 21st March carrying a platoon of Royal Marines. Endurance landed her marines and withdrew towards the Falklands. With the run up Falklands War now well underway, Argentina landed 100 troops on South Georgia.

The British Government had created the Falklands crisis by its complete indifference to our South Atlantic possessions. This had led Argentina to suppose that we would not resist their aggression. Even at this late stage, our Foreign Office was seeking a craven compromise but luckily through no action of their own, it was not to be. The Falkland Islands fell to an Argentinan invasion on 2nd April. The Royal Marines on South Georgia had fortified their positions at King Edwards Point as best they could, but heavily outnumbered and after spirited resistance, they surrendered on 3rd April.

The Argentinian occupation was to be of a very short duration. For once, the British Government showed some backbone and a Task Force was dispatched to recover the Falklands and South Georgia. As early as 12th April an operation to recover South Georgia was being planned.

This was called Operation Paraquet, and the force consisting of the warships HMS Antrim and HMS Plymouth, HMS Endurance, the submarine, HMS Conqueror, and 150 Royal Marines on the Royal Navy tanker Tidespring plus some SAS and SBS distributed in the various vessels.

After an ill-advised and rather gung-ho SAS landing on a glacier in appalling weather conditions failed dismally, and disaster averted only through the bravery of Royal Navy helicopter pilots, the two Royal Navy warships forced an Argentinian surrender on 25th April after a bombardment of the hills around Grytviken.

A message that was widely publicised in Britain was made by the Task Group Commander, Captain Brian Young, after the Argentine surrender at Grytviken: "Be pleased to inform Her Majesty that the White Ensign flies alongside the Union Jack in South Georgia. God save the Queen."

So South Georgia was firmly back under British ownership and a small military presence was retained on the island until 2001.Today, the only permanent occupants of South Georgia are 30 or so BAS scientists who occupy two bases on the island. Their main role is scientific research, but they also carry out a political role through their presence.

A commissioner, who is also the governor of the Falkland Islands, oversees the territory. In 1993 Britain extended the territory's exclusive fishing zone from 12 to 200 nautical miles. Cruise ships make regular visits to the island. The South Georgia Museum, located in the former home of a whaling-station manager, was established in 1992 and has exhibits on whaling, maritime and natural history, and Shackleton memorabilia, among other themes.

The island's bleak Antarctic climate, with perpetual snow covering three-fourths of the island, supports only hardy grasses and other tundra plants. Reindeer were introduced by the Norwegians in 1911 to provide a source of fresh meat, and they survived until 2011 when a program was launched to eradicate them to protect the island environment and wildlife. By 2014 up to 6,000 had been killed and it is believed that none now remain. Some meat was frozen and taken to the Falklands Islands for sale to passing cruise ships. The whalers also brought the inevitable rats and mice which brought havoc to the ground nesting seabirds. As with the reindeer, this became a major problem and it forced the authorities to begin a four year eradication operation in 2011by dropping poison from helicopters. It is now believed that South Georgia is rat free, but monitoring continues.

Marine life is abundant offshore, and commercial fishing still operates within its territorial waters. It is through the fishing licenses that 80% of the territories revenue is generated. The remainder comes from harbour fees, sale of postage stamps and coins, tourism and customs.

Argentina still maintains a tenuous claim to South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands, as well as the Falklands Islands. Their claims to South Georgia and the South Sandwich's are particularly weak when compared to the British position:

The first landing on South Georgia was under Captain Cook in 1775.

The United Kingdom annexed South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands in 1908.

Whaling stations on the islands operated under British licence.

The islands have been administered legally by Britain since 1908, with the exception of the very short period of Argentine occupation in 1982.

With the Government defence budget under extreme pressure, it is vital that sufficient resources are allocated to defending our South Atlantic possessions. The air base on the Falklands is probably sufficient to defend our interests but should it be disabled or taken, we would be unable to send a task force until we possess aircraft carriers. Two are currently being built, but they will not be in service for several years. In the meantime our Government has foolishly robbed us of any carrier force.

They have at least retained an ice patrol vessel in the South Atlantic. The planned scrapping of HMS Endurance without replacement in 1982 was one of the factors which encouraged the Argentinian aggression.

Assuming that the Argentinian claim and military action can be discounted. South Georgia can be counted on as a long term British possession.

Further Information
The South Georgia Heritage Trust: http://www.sght.org/welcome-sght-website
Government of South Georgia: http://www.gov.gs/
British Antarctic Survey: https://www.bas.ac.uk/

Catch Up Time

Our reprinting of the article *American National Socialists in Rhodesia's Struggle for Racial Freedom* in our last issue, the double 864 -865 really kicked up some dust and a good reaction. Again I would like to thank Martin Kerr, the author of the original article, for permission to reprint it. He can be contacted at ***theneworder.org*** One of the results of the publication of that article by us was a response from Trooper 108516 of the Grey's Scouts (see his article pages 6-7-8) with some recollections of the time and much additional information which we will be publishing in following issues. An important comment that Trooper made must in the sense of fair play we Britons pride ourselves on be added:

"I don't belittle (Harold) Covington, after all he made a 'leap of faith' in traveling to Rhodesia along with a young wife who was fairly frail (their baby died in Bulawayo) and 'they also served' who worked in the Service Corps." Bravo to those words. *C.T.*

Continued from page 3, column 2, first box.

I would add that at the 1975 referendum Scotland fearful for her fishing fleet, small farmers, crofters and rural crafts and trades was far more sceptical about the supposed merits of the EU, or whatever name it was using at the time, with rural Scotland, particularly the Shetland's and Western Isles, voting against staying in. Scottish fears were proved justified and her fishing fleet and much of her small-scale family run farms and businesses have since been sacrificed on the altar of globalism.

"We become strongest, I feel, when we have no friends upon whom to lean, or to look to for moral guidance." Benito Mussolini.

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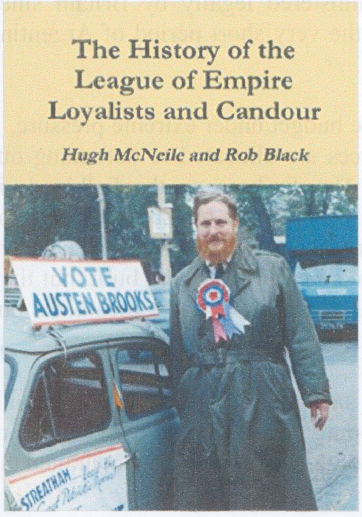

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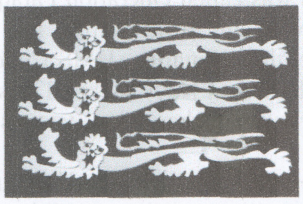

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Candour *Extra!*

Subscribers Only. No. 866 November 2016

Meet Dave Hammer. He is a warrior in the Shield Wall. Will you join?

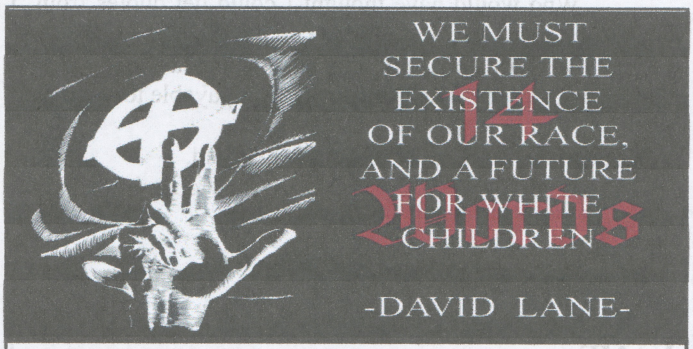
No matter your age or physical condition you can do as we did in ages past and support the front line. Did you know that for every British soldier that actually fights in the frontline of battle there are at least twenty behind him in the supply and support line?

Most people do not think of that. Or indeed want to think about it. A squaddie goes not simply show up booted, suited, paid and fed on the front line. There must be a whole team to get him there in the first place.

My point, and I am sure you have not missed it , is that WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT AND BACKUP.

It is usually those who can least afford it who give us the most. The number of our subscribers is growing. There are various reasons for this. At a time when the British nationalist movement has never been at a lower ebb, *Candour*, with your support, keeps going. There will be a true nationalist revival, non of your UKIP nonsense, and *Candour* will be part of that. Independent as ever.

It does not take a genius to figure out that everything we do is NOT advertised by us. That in its own way requires a leap of faith. **This whole beastly struggle is a leap of faith. It is a fight to the death.** We are not hobbyists. For donation details see other side of this Extra!



The above design, with the addition of the *Candour* email address would make a great sticker for mass distribution. Will you sponsor that idea? The original picture I put together many years ago for a video catalogue. The victory salute was taken from a Palestinian poster. That people are still using this imagery worldwide I take as a very big compliment. *CT.*

Remembrance Day March 2016

Colin Todd, Editor of *Candour* (centre) was proud to again carry the flag of Rhodesia (UDI) to the Cenotaph on The National Front Remembrance Day March on Sunday 13th November 2016. To my left is a Polish comrade carrying his national flag and to my right a British comrade carrying the flag of the Republic of South Africa.

There is a terrible danger that with numbers falling each year the police will cancel the march next year. We were barely 100 for 2016. Think on. I marched as an independent nationalist as did others. We are the hardcore non-party people who are not ashamed to be who we are.

If I can make it with all the problems I am facing from the enemy where were you?

For much clearer images visit nationalfront.info

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Just to make a point, and not to blow our own trumpets, Rob the webmaster, and myself Colin Todd the Editor have teamed up and between us sent our $60.00 to the ZPSF and adopted our pensioner for this Christmas. The details are in total confidence of course. But we now know whose Christmas we have hopefully helped make a little more cheery.

As an individual, or why not join with a comrade or two, or as a group or unit do as we have done and adopt a golden oldie. They were left behind and betrayed. Let us rally worldwide as Britons. So often people ask me "but what can I do?" When you give them a positive idea they all of a sudden find something else to complain about. You all know that response. Well here is a starter for you. Charity begins at home you say? The British Empire was our home!

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Colin Todd.

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A big thank you to those of you who made donations as a result of our latest double issue and who continue to help us survive and grow.

Who would have thought I could get quotes from G.K. Chesterston and John Wayne on the same front page?

Miss. Rosine De Bounevialle would have liked that.

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From Colin Todd

For the Future of Candour

A Special Appeal

From many years of bitter experience I have learned that when you are saying the right things, or pushing the wrong buttons, you will come under attack. Obviously the direction or angle of assault is usually unpredictable. That is the way the Enemy operates. For the past year a creepy miscegenationist character, seemingly well funded, has been trying to take over Miss. Rosine de Bounevialle's house and land at Forest House in Liss Forest, Hampshire and evict your Editor, Colin Todd, from his home of many years. This has already been to court once. It is due in court again in the New Year. I have not bored you with the details before and I will not do now. Save to give you a glimpse of the enemy and how this one seems to think.

Some four years before her death Miss Rosine de Bounvialle signed her property over to a charitable trust. The St. George Educational Trust (please do not be taken in by them). This was a decision the lady came to bitterly regret and for the last two years of her life Rosine desperately tried to have the Trust revoked/binned. It was not to be. Only this year, Miss de Bounevialle died on Christmas Eve 1999 and her funeral and burial took place at Forest House, has a reinvented Trust made a legal move to seize Forest House and lands. This is a cynical land grab and grave robbing operation.

In March of 2016 a Mr Michael Fishwick made a visit to Forest House. He was accompanied by a local estate agent from Liss. This poor man had been conned into accompanying Fishwick during this brief visit. After being dismissed by myself Mr Fishwick and the bewildered estate agent called on the nearest neighbours to whom Fishwick loudly announced that two of his first actions on taking over Forest House would be to demolish the house and dig up the remains of Miss de Bounevialle to facilitate the subsequent 'redevelopment'.

Such are Mr Fishwick's diplomatic kills and lack of knowledge about Forest House. The neighbours concerned had been gifted their property many years ago by Miss de Bounevialle (I do wish the enemy would at least have the courtesy to learn how to pronounce the lady's name correctly). This neighbour had dug Miss de Bounvialle's grave. All information that Mr. Fishwick was unaware of. Indeed he was unaware of the location of Miss de Bounvialle's grave until this was explained to him. (On a

subsequent unannounced visit to Forest House with peculiar company he proudly pointed out to them Rosine's grave. The flag pole is a clue!).

I do not pretend to know if this cynical land grab and grave robbing exercise is solely Mr Fishwick's initiative or whether he is 'fronting' for bigger boys who have previously failed to get their hands on Forest House. I do know that in all these years this is the first LEGAL attempt to do so.

Naturally, given the circumstances, I have to fight this as well as prepare Plans B, C and D. This in part requires that the vast *AK Chesterton Trust* archives be preserved and safely stored to clear the battlefield so to speak. Thanks to the previous financial support of some stalwarts work has begun on this.

The character(s), those up front at least, who are seeking to pervert the legacy of Miss de Bounevialle are people the lady either did not know or if she did came to despise. Converts without any sense or humour. Puritans. No Cavalier spirit!

All of this in the 100th year of the birth of Miss Rosine Maria de Bounevialle. Just another something else the enemy were unaware of. As Rosine was frequently heard to say; "Always bloody something at Forest House!"

I am taking legal advice but representing myself in court. What a way to end the year!

Not quite. We have finally got into print *The Candour ABC of Politics* by Rosine de Bounevialle. Full info next issue or ***www.candour.org.uk*** for full details. Have a safe and warm Christmas. Colin.

TARGET £2,500

I am volunteering to keep *Candour* in the fight. Please find enclosed my donation payable to the **AK Chesterton Trust** of;

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With the Compliments of the Editor

The A.K. Chesterton Trust
BM Candour, London, WC1N 3XX, London, England.
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Dear Gordon,

Crazy times as usual.

What do you know about something in Easington on the coast?

Best wishes,

G